THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

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Sketch of the Firſt Years of the Life of the celebrated Madame DE MAINTENON.

Of all the remarkable characters that occur in the hiſtory of Europe of great changes of fortune, no one is more ſurpriſing than that reſpecting madame de Maintenon; who, after a variety of adventures, that would be reckoned extravagantly abſurd in a novel, became the wife of the greateſt monarch at that time in Europe. What follows is a ſlight ſketch of her parentage and hiſtory, during the early period of her life.

"Frances d'Aubigne, grand-daughter to Theodore Agrippa d'Aubigné, who diſtinguiſhed himſelf in the civil wars of mademoiſelle de Cardillac, was born on the 27th of November 1635, in the priſon of Niort, in which her father was at that time confined, on account of his imprudent conduct, and in which unhappy, a prudent and virtuous woman, had ſhut herſelf up with him.

"Madame de Villette, ſiſter to the huſband, came to viſit the ſuffering priſoners, and beheld them in all the horrors of indigence. Her brother deprived of reaſon by deſpair, and emaciated by hunger; their eldeſt child wrapped in rags, and already ſenſible of the miſeries of its condition; then ſecond in the cradle, a girl three months old, who, by her cries, ſeemed to invite death; the mother weeping, and offering her breaſts, alternatives to her infants, ſometimes to her children, without hopeleſs of having either the one or the other, as diſtreſs and hunger had dried up her milk, and ſhe was unable to pay a nurſe.

"Abſtracting from this deſcription, whatever it may be ſuppoſed owing to the imagination of the author, we may fully conclude, that, at her birth, Frances d'Aubigne was expoſed to extreme miſery. Madame de Villette, took her with her, and put her into the hands of the ſame nurſe to whom ſhe had entruſted mademoiſelle de Villette, her daughter.

"In a few years madame d'Aubigné obtained liberty to her huſband, and ſet out with him and all her family for America, where they had conſiderable claims. In the courſe of the voyage, Frances fell ill, and was reduced ſo low, that ſhe ceaſed to exhibit ſigns of life. A ſailor was going to throw her overboard. The ſignal gun was ready loaded. Madame d'Aubigne begged leave to preſs her dead infant once more in her arms;—ſhe put her hand on the heart, and felt it ſtill palpitate. "She is not dead," cried ſhe, and her maternal cares reſtored her fully to life. The veſſel in which this unfortunate family were paſſengers, was attacked by a corſair, but eſcaped, and arrived ſafe at Martinico.

"D'Aubigne eſtabliſhed himſelf there in ſo advantageous a ſituation, that he was enabled to live in opulence. His wife was obliged to return to Europe to ſettle ſome affairs. In her abſence, d'Aubigne ſpent his whole fortune at play, and ſhe found him, on her return, ruined and dying. The widow returned to France to obtain aſſiſtance, leaving her daughter, who was now ſeven years old, as ſecurity to her creditors, who ſent the child about from one to another. The judge of the place, taking pity on her, received her into his houſe, but becoming ſoon weary of her as the others, ſent her after her mother. She fell firſt into the hands of madame de Montalembert, her kinſwoman, who refuſed to entertain her. She was then received by madame de Villette her aunt, who brought her up in the Calviniſt religion.

"Her mother, a good catholic, wiſhed, notwithſtanding her diſtreſs, to take her daughter into her own hands. This madame de Villette refuſed, alleging that madame d'Aubigné could not poſſibly ſupport her. But to obviate the objection, madame de Nuillant, another relation, in eaſy circumſtances, obtained an order to have her delivered to her, wiſhing to bring her back to the catholic religion; ſhe attempted that at firſt by gentle and fair means, but when theſe did not ſucceed, had recourſe to ſeverity. Frances was confounded with the ſervants, and degraded to the meaneſt taſks about the family, the kitchen and the court yard. She went every morning with a maſk on her face, to preſerve her fine complexion, a ſtraw hat on her head, a baſket under her arm, and a ſwitch in her hand, to watch the turkies; with orders not to touch her breakfaſt, which ſhe carried in the baſket under her arm, till ſhe had firſt got by memory five ſtanzas of ſacred poetry. Ill treatment had no effect to make her gratify the wiſhes of madame de Nuillant, ſhe therefore placed her among the Urſuline nuns of Niort, where madame de Villette agreed to pay her board; but after her converſion, that lady withdrew her kindneſs, and the young catholic then returned to madame de Nuillant.

"This lady went occaſionally to Paris in a ſedan chair, carried by two mules, on one of which mademoiſelle d'Aubigné uſed to write. She introduced her to the company with which ſhe herſelf uſed to aſſociate, boaſted in public of her growing charms, and in private exerciſed over her all the tyranny which dependents are liable to ſuffer from their benefactors. The young lady was already charming, and promiſed to become completely beautiful; her figure and her underſtanding were both above her years. She was about thirteen when madame de Nuillant took her to communicate for the firſt time with the Urſuline nuns in St. James's ſtreet. Frances continued with them, except when ſhe went to ſee her mother, who ſupported herſelf by her labour, and madame de Nuillant, who continued to ſhew her in the world."

It was in the family of madame de Nuillant that Scarron, the facetious French poet, became acquainted with madame d'Aubigné. Her marriage with Scarron, when he was in a ſtate of decripitude; her exemplary conduct as his nurſe, rather than his wife; her marriage, while in her ſtate of widowhood, with Louis xiv. and her ſubſequent hiſtory, under the name of madame de Maintenon, are ſo well known, as not to require to be here developed. She was the moſt amiable woman that ever figured at that court; and her hiſtory makes a beautiful exception to the general train of baſe anecdote that ſo deeply degrades mankind in the eyes of the philoſophical reader of the private hiſtory of that period.

FRIENDSHIP, an ODE:

LOUISA TO STELLA.

CELESTIAL Friendſhip, thy aſſiſtance lend;
No fabled Goddeſs will my Muſe implore,
To hail my Stella with th' name of Friend;
Friendſhip will lend me all its boundleſs ſtore.

Though man imperious diſallows our claim
To ſteady Friendſhip's unremitted love;
Yet we, my Stella, own its conſtant flame;
We feel its influence, and its bleſſings prove.

Ne'er may reſerve, with her penurious hand,
Detain the feelings of the gen'rous heart,
On glowing Friendſhip ſtamp her harſh command,
And barter freedom at the ſhrine of art.

For ſurely, Stella, full enough has life
Of real ills and ſorrows to ſurmount;
The chequer'd path requires our conſtant ſtrife,
To reach the ſummit of Truth's awful mount.

We need no bars to our domeſtic joy,
No cold reſerves our progreſs to retard,
No frowns from Friendſhip's mild and gentle ſky,
Where fond affection ſhould our pains reward.

For Friendſhip was ordain'd our woes to ſoothe,
To heal the ſorrows of the wounded breaſt,
The anxious brow of rugged care to ſmooth,
And ev'ry ſcene of life to make more bleſt.

May we, my Stella, ever own its power,
In full obedience to its dictates bend,
Then in the future, as the preſent hour,
My heart exulting, ſtill ſhall call thee Friend.

And ſure this ſacred tie of kindred minds,
Nor Time, nor even Death, ſhall e'er diſſolve;
The grave in vain its helpleſs victim binds,
For ſouls ſurvive when times no more revolve.

REMARKABLE ESCAPE of an ALGONQUIN WOMAN.

A FEMALE Algonquin being taken by the Iroquois, was carried by them to one of their villages, ſtripped naked, bound hand and foot, and put into one of their cabins. In this terrifying condition ſhe remained ten days, the ſavages ſleeping round her by way of guard every night. On the 11th night, perceiving that they were faſt aſleep, ſhe diſengaged one of her hands, and ſoon ſetting herſelf at liberty from the ropes, went to the door, ſnatched up a hatchet, and ſlew the ſavage who lay next her. Then, ſpringing out of the cabin, concealed herſelf in a hollow tree, which ſhe had obſerved the day before juſt by it. The noiſe made by the dying perſon ſoon alarmed the other ſavages, and all the young ones ſet out in purſuit of her. Perceiving from the tree, that all of them directed their courſe the ſame way, and that there was no ſavage near her, ſhe left her ſanctuary, and, flying in an oppoſite direction, ran into a foreſt without being diſcovered. The ſecond day after this happened, her footſteps were traced, and ſhe was purſued with ſuch expedition, that ſhe perceived, on the third day, thoſe who were in chaſe of her at her heels. Throwing herſelf immediately into a pond,

which was near her; she dived among some weeds, and could but just breathe above water without being detected: her blood-thirsty pursuers, therefore, after having made a most diligent search after her, were forced to return, disappointed. Five-and-thirty days did this poor creature continue her course through woods and deserts, with no other sustenance than that which she could procure from roots and wild berries. On her coming to the river St. Lawrence, she made a kind of wicker raft with her own hands, and upon that raft passed it. As she went by Trois Rivieres, without well knowing where she was, she beheld a canoe full of savages; and fearing they might be Iroquois, she again ran into the woods: In them she remained till sun-set. Soon afterwards, continuing her flight, she saw Trois Rivieres. She was then discovered by a party, whom she knew to be Hurons. When they approached her, she squatted down behind a bush, telling them in a loud voice, that, as she was naked, she was not in a condition to be seen. They immediately threw her a covering, and conducted her to the foot of Trois Rivieres, when she related her eventful story.

HUMOUROUS CROSS-READINGS.

From the Norwich Weekly Register.

A List of the Fellows of the Medical Society—
publicly whip'd for sheep-stealing.

Ran away from the subscriber in June last—
a two story house with an orchard adjoining.

Strayed or stolen, a two year old steer—
had on a felt hat and blue overhauls.

The great OX and HORSE shoer, shoes—
young misses from 12 to 18 years of age—
he shoes either in stocks or casts them.

A short, thick-set, surly looking boy—
would be glad of a place as wet nurse.

Several farmers are now sowing—
nail-rods, glass, rum, sugar and brandy—
owing to the high price of provisions.

The two hogs sold here last week were fatted—
to represent this state in Congress.

A good new milch cow—
wants to hire genteel boarding and lodging.

The house took up the secret communications—
relative to some women of pleasure—
the galleries were immediately cleared.

The Hon. Court of Probate for the district of—
was brought to bed of twins, both likely to do well.

His Majesty, King George, it is said—
is the same horse formerly owned by Lord North.

HONEST SOULS,

Those animals who consider *drinking* as the great end of their existence.

A MAN OF FASHION,

One who squanders his time and money in frippery, folly, and absurdity; who frequents the tavern, and the play house when the play is near done; who changes the dress of his hair, and the shape of his coat, every week, as versatile fashion varies.

A MAN THAT HAS NO SOUL,

One who observes the laws of God—is temperate, just, and attentive to the useful employment of time.

A MAN THAT HAS A SOUL,

One who gallops in the career of vice, folly, and extravagance of every kind—who has no principle of action but sensuality—no pursuit but self-indulgence and vanity.

RULES and MAXIMS for promoting MATRIMONIAL HAPPINESS.

THE likeliest way, either to obtain a good husband, or to keep one so, is to be good yourself.

Never use your lover ill whom you design to make your husband, lest he should either upbraid you with it, or return it afterwards; and if you find at any time an inclination to play the tyrant, remember these two lines:

Gently shall those be rul'd who gently sway'd;
Abject shall those obey, who haughty were obey'd.

Avoid, both before and after marriage, all thoughts of managing your husband. Never attempt to impose upon his understanding, nor to give him uneasiness (as some do very foolishly to try his temper;) but treat him always beforehand with sincerity, and afterwards with affection and respect.

Be not over-sanguine after marriage, nor promise yourself felicity without alloy; for that is impossible to be attained in the present state of things.—Consider beforehand, that the person you are going to spend your days with is a man, and not an angel; and if when you come together, you discover any thing in his humour or behaviour that is not altogether so agreeable as you expect, pass it over as a human frailty; smooth your brow, compose your temper, and try to amend it by cheerfulness and good-nature. Remember always, that whenever misfortunes may happen to either, they are not to be charged to the account of matrimony, but to the accidents and infirmities of human life: a burden which each has engaged to assist the other in supporting, and to which both parties are equally exposed. Therefore, instead of murmurs, reflections, and disagreement, whereby the weight is rendered abundantly more grievous, readily put your shoulder to the yoke, and make it easier to both.

Resolve every morning to be good-natured and cheerful that day: and if any accident should happen to break that resolution, suffer it not to put you out of temper with every thing besides—and especially with your husband.

Dispute not with him, be the occasion what it will; but rather deny yourself the trivial satisfaction of having your own way, or gaining the better of an argument, than risque a quarrel, or create a heart-burning, of which it is impossible to know the end.

Be assured that a woman's power, as well as her happiness, has no other foundation but her husband's esteem and love; which, consequently, it is her undoubted interest by all means possible to preserve and increase. Do you therefore study *his* temper, and command your own; enjoy his satisfactions with him, share and sooth his cares, and with the utmost diligence conceal his infirmities.

Read frequently, and with due attention, the Matrimonial Service; and take care, in doing so, not to overlook the word Obey. Let the tenderness of your conjugal love be expressed with such decency, delicacy, and prudence, that it may appear plainly and thoroughly distinct from the designing fondness of *a woman of pleasure*.

PATRICK KELLY's DINNER:

OR, NO JOKING WITH THE BELLY.

TO turn the penny, once, a wit
Upon a curious fancy hit;
Hung out a board, on which he boasted—
"DINNER for THREE-PENCE, BOIL'D and ROASTED!"
The hungry read; and in they trip,
With eager eye, and smacking lip—
"Here, bring this Boil'd and Roasted, pray?"
Enter—POTATOES! dress'd EACH way.
All instant rose, the house forsook,
And curs'd the dinner, kick'd the cook.
Our landlord found—poor Patrick Kelly—
There was no joking with the belly.

Parnassian Flights.

FOR THE MINERVA.

SONNET.

WHEN first to Love I tun'd my humble lyre,
What various passions fill'd my youthful breast;
Yet flowing Numbers still encreas'd desire,
And in dread tumults robb'd me of my rest.

From this I fled, and with the jovial Friend,
In pleasure, rosy pleasure, sought relief;—
But ah! 'tis vain; brisk pleasure proves a fiend;
Her wild carousals renovate my grief.

All, all my hopes of happiness are fled,
And lost forever in the depth of night;
No light appears my devious steps to lead,
But *ignis fatuus* to deceive my sight!

Oh could I tear her image from my mind,
Then should my heart at length a happy requiem find.

LUSIGNAN.

A VENETIAN STORY.

IN the neighborhood of St. Mark's, in Venice, there resided a pastry cook, who being very rich in consequence of selling small meat pies, the flavour and zest of which were uncommonly gratifying; they were sought for so eagerly through the republic, that the man could not find materials to make a number adequate to the general demand. Various were the conjectures as to the contents of those pies; some thought they were veal, some ortolans, and others, imagined there might be a mixture of both; every baker endeavoured to make similar luxuries, but all failed. During the progress of the man's culinary fame, it was observed that many children had been lost in the city; it was a matter at last, of public consternation; the police did all they could to discover their retreat, but in vain, and the streets were crouded with bewailing mothers.

At length it pleased Heaven to unravel the mysterious evil. One of these pies being opened at the table of a senator, the joint of a child's finger was found amidst the pastry. This discovery created a common horror; and the idea instantly occurred that the baker was the monster who had entrapped and destroyed the missing infants; a party of soldiers were immediately ordered to examine the premises, when, after a long search by torch-light, they could find no other proof to justify the presuming guilt, and were on the eve of departure; when suddenly one of their party disappeared, and they could not find where, until they seized the baker by the throat, and threatened him with instant death if he did not shew them where their companion was enveloped.—The wretch complied, and led them to a sliding trap-door, which covered a deep and gloomy vault, on which he had heedlessly stepped and been swallowed up; they descended by means of a bucket, and found the soldier, stretched upon the bodies of various dead children, recently massacred.

Immediately upon the unerring testimony of the diabolism, savageness, and enormity of the cook and his family, the Senate ordered the doors and windows of the house to be chained and barred, and surrounded with the army; who joyfully set fire to the building, which, with all in it, was consumed to the ground, and an obelisk raised upon the ashes, significant of the atrocity and the conflagration.

Philadelphia, *Feb.* 21.

Laſt Thurſday, being Thankſgiving-day, was obſerved in this city with peculiar devoutneſs.

Capt. Perkins, arrived at Newbury-Port, in 45 days from Rotterdam, informs, that the Marquis de la Fayette, with two others, eſcaped from confinement the laſt of November. They were purſued, and one of them, an Auſtrian, re-taken. The Marquis, with the other, arrived at Hamburgh, and will take paſſage to America.

London papers have been received, by the arrival of the brig Mary, Capt. Chipman, at Boſton, after a paſſage of 29 days from Lymington, (England) up to the 3d of January.

The minds of the people in Amſterdam appear to fluctuate between the proſpect of peace, and a continuance of the war—but ſeem more apprehenſive of the latter. They ſay, We but now learn, that our troops have evacuated Fort St. André, and at the ſame time Bommel Waert. By this retreat we are reduced to the mere defence of the right Bank of the Waal, where our troops may be continually harraſſed by the enemy, who are encamped on the other ſide, without any apprehenſion from the fire of thoſe ramparts to which we before owed our protection. They made an attack, on the 2nd of December, on the iſle of Fort Cadſel, on ſkaits; and we know that they have ordered 3000 pair of cramp irons, for the purpoſe of walking, in ſafety, over the ice.

On the 20th of December, his Majeſty, George III. made the following MOST GRACIOUS SPEECH to both Houſes of Parliament:—

My Lords and Gentlemen,

After the uniform experience which I have had of your zealous regard for the intereſts of my people, it is a great ſatisfaction to me to recur to your advice and aſſiſtance at a period which calls for the full exertion of your energy and wiſdom.

Notwithſtanding the diſappointments and reverſes which we have experienced in the courſe of the laſt campaign, I retain a firm conviction of the neceſſity of perſiſting in a vigorous proſecution of the juſt and neceſſary war in which we are engaged.

You will, I am confident, agree with me that it is only from firmneſs and perſeverance that we can hope for the reſtoration of peace on ſafe and honorable grounds, and for the preſervation and permanent ſecurity of our deareſt intereſts.

In conſidering the ſituation of our enemies, you will not fail to obſerve, that the efforts which have led to their ſucceſſes, and the unexampled means by which alone thoſe efforts could have been ſupported, have produced among themſelves the pernicious effects which were to be expected; and that every thing which has paſſed in the interior of the country has ſhown the progreſſive and rapid decay of their reſources, and of the inſtability of every part of that violent and unnatural ſyſtem, which is equally ruinous to France, and incompatible with the tranquility of other nations.

The States General of the United Provinces have nevertheleſs been led, by a ſenſe of preſent difficulties, to enter into negociations for peace with the party now prevailing in that unhappy country. No eſtabliſhed government or independent ſtate can, under the preſent circumſtances derive any real ſecurity from ſuch negociations: on our part they could not be attempted, without ſacrificing both our honor and ſafety to an enemy, whoſe chief animoſity is avowedly directed againſt theſe kingdoms.

I have therefore continued to uſe the moſt effectual means for the further augmentation of my forces; and I ſhall omit no opportunity of concerting the operations of the next campaign with ſuch of the powers of Europe as are impreſſed with the ſame ſenſe of the neceſſity of vigor and exertion. I place the fulleſt reliance on the valor of my forces, and on the affection and public ſpirit of my people, in whoſe behalf I am contending, and whoſe ſafety and happineſs are the objects of my conſtant ſolicitude.

The local importance of Corſica, and the ſpirited efforts of its inhabitants, to deliver themſelves from the yoke of France, determined me not to withold the protection which they ſought for; and I have ſince accepted the crown and ſovereignty of that country, according to an inſtrument, a copy of which I have directed to be laid before you.

I have great pleaſure in informing you, that I have concluded a treaty of amity, commerce, and navigation with the United States of America, in which it has been my object to remove, as far as poſſible, all grounds of jealouſy and miſunderſtanding, and to improve the intercourſe beneficial to both countries. As ſoon as the ratifications ſhall have been exchanged, I will direct a copy of this treaty to be laid before you, in order that you may conſider of the propriety of making ſuch proviſion as may appear neceſſary for carrying it into effect.

I have the greateſt ſatisfaction in announcing to you the happy event of the concluſion of a treaty for the marriage of my ſon, the Prince of Wales, with the Princeſs Caroline, daughter of the duke of Brunſwick. The conſtant proofs of your affection for my perſon and family, perſuade me that you will enable me to make proviſion for ſuch an eſtabliſhment as you may think ſuitable to the rank and dignity of the heir apparent to the crown of theſe kingdoms.

Gentlemen of the Houſe of Commons,

The conſiderations which prove the neceſſity of a vigorous proſecution of the war will, I doubt not, induce you to make a timely and ample proviſion for the ſeveral branches of the public ſervice, the eſtimates for which I have directed to be laid before you. While I regret the neceſſity of large and additional burthens on my ſubjects, it is a juſt conſolation and ſatisfaction to me to obſerve the ſtate of our credit, commerce and reſources, which is the natural reſult of the continued exertions of induſtry, under the protection of a free and well regulated government.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

A juſt ſenſe of the bleſſings now enjoyed by this country, will, I am perſuaded, encourage you to make every effort, which can enable you to tranſmit thoſe bleſſings unimpaired to your poſterity.

I entertain a confident hope, that under the protection of Providence, and with conſtancy and perſeverance on our part, the principles of ſocial order, morality and religion, will be ultimately ſucceſsful; and that my faithful people will find their preſent exertions and ſacrifices rewarded by the ſecure and permanent enjoyment of tranquility at home, and by the deliverance of Europe from the greateſt danger with which it has been threatened ſince the eſtabliſhment of civilized ſociety.

Motions have been lately made in both houſes of the Britiſh Parliament, to addreſs his majeſty in favor of negociating a PEACE WITH FRANCE—twelve only of the houſe of lords were in favor of the addreſs, and ſeventy-five in the houſe of commons. Lord Guildford made the motion in the upper, and Mr. Wilberforce in the lower houſe.

In the addreſs of the committee of public ſafety to the National Convention of France, of the date of Dec. 4, they mention the many arts uſed by their enemies, in ſpreading reports, of peace being concluded between one of the allied powers, and then another, and ſometimes with them all. The committee ſay their enemies have changed their ſyſtem—They no longer repreſent us as the conquerors of the world, or the deſtroyers of all government, but the moſt ardent iolaters of peace. They then conclude with the following expoſition of their motives:

"If we are aſked in the mean time, what are the diſpoſitions of the French people? Organs of their will, we will anſwer, that always juſt, always magnanimous, always as jealous of their honors as of their liberty, they will diſtinguiſh their enemies, and the motives of their aggreſſion; that even in the laws which their victories give them a right to dictate, they will not confound the ridiculous pretenſions of weakneſs and of vanity, with the intractable pride and perfidious power of tyranny; that above all they will regard the ſituation of thoſe whom fear and violence have compelled to march in the train of the chiefs of the league; and finally, that in tracing with their triumphant but generous hand, the limits within which it will be proper to confine themſelves, they will reject no offers compatible with their intereſts and their dignity, with their repoſe and ſecurity.—Such is their policy. Their proceedings are open, like the glory of their arms. With their enemies they will treat, as they have fought, in the face of the univerſe, whom they call to be the witneſs of their juſtice, as it has been the witneſs of their victories."

The popular ſociety of Verſailles, depoſited on the altar of the country a ſum of 1200 livres, to aſſiſt in the armament of a Republican veſſel deſtined to combat the modern Carthage.

They write from Olmutz, that Bournonville, the French ex-miniſter and General (ſent by Dumourier to Cobourg) has juſt eſcaped from that place where he has been detained priſoner. He had leave to go out accompanied by two guards—One morning having walked ſome diſtance from his priſon, inſtantly two men clothed in the Engliſh ſtyle appeared, holding a horſe by the bridle. Bournonville mounted the horſe, and immediately diſappeared—They have ſent perſons in purſuit of him, but in vain—one of the two, who had helped in his eſcape, has been taken.

A London paper ſays, The Grand Fleets of England and France, the former conſiſting of twenty-five ſail of the line, from the beſt information, and the latter twenty-one ſail, were at ſea about the firſt of January—A meeting, therefore, is poſſible.

On Wedneſday the 17th Dec. in London, the Merchants trading to North America, gave a very ſplendid entertainment to Mr. Jay, at Free Maſons Tavern.

On Wedneſday laſt the Merchants of this city gave a very ſplendid dinner to ALEXANDER HAMILTON, Eſq. late Secretary of the Treaſury, and to GENERAL KNOX, the late Secretary of War. The Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, the officers of the Federal Government, and all the moſt reſpectable Merchants of this city, were preſent. The company conſiſted of near one hundred and fifty perſons.

Extract of a letter from Joſeph Fenwick, Eſq. the American Conſul at Bourdeaux, dated Paris, the 15th Nov. to Joſhua Johnſon, Eſq. American Conſul at London.

"It has juſt been decided in the council of the government, that American veſſels ſhall go free, with all free goods, and orders given not to interrupt or turn aſide any, even grain loaded; alſo orders are given to adjuſt all claims on the Republic for the embargoes at Bourdeaux, and all expences and demurrage for veſſels ſtopped or brought in, contrary to the laws of nations."

(Signed) JOSHUA JOHNSON.

BOSTON, Feb. 12.

BARCELONA TAKEN!

Portland, Feb. 9.

Capt. George Barker, in the ſchooner Hannah, belonging to Marblehead, arrived here the 4th inſt. in 30 days from Liſbon.—Three days before Capt. Barker ſailed, an expreſs arrived at Liſbon with intelligence that the French had poſitively taken Barcelona, after a battle which laſted three days. The commanders of both armies were killed.

From Liſbon, Jan. 3.

"To any port in the Mediterranean, there is not the ſmalleſt danger of the Algerines or Moors."

From Aux-Cayes—January 6.

"Gen. Rigaud has returned from Cape Tiberon, which place he has lately taken from the Engliſh, and put the garriſon to the ſword."

CONGRESS—Friday, February 8.

The houſe went into a committee on the unfiniſhed buſineſs of yeſterday; the amendment of Mr. S. Smith was before them for ſtriking out the ſecond reſolution in the report of the ſelect committee on the means of reducing the national debt—Mr. Cobb in the chair. The queſtion for ſtriking out the reſolution was put—Ayes 21. The motion being thus loſt, Mr. Giles ſaid, that he would move to ſtrike out the tax upon carriages. On dividing, the motion of Mr. Giles was negatived—Ayes 29—Noes 55. The committee agreed to all the reſolutions as reported; and a bill was ordered to be brought in.

MONDAY, Feb. 9.—Mr. Sedgwick brought in a motion for appointing a committee to bring in a bill to amend an act, authorizing the Preſident to fill up for a ſhort limited time certain occaſional vacancies in public offices. A committee was named accordingly. The galleries were then cleared.

TUESDAY, Feb. 10.—Mr. W. Smith brought in a bill for repealing the act impoſing a duty on ſnuff, and ſome new regulations.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 11.—The houſe went through the reſolutions on the report of the committee of the plan for the reduction of the public debt; and a committee was appointed to bring in a bill. The galleries were again cleared.

MARRIAGES.

On Monday Evening, by the Rev. Mr. Marſhal, Mr. ADAM DAVIE, to the amiable Miſs ELIZABETH ROBERTSON, of this city.

At New-York—Mr. Jacob S. Mott, Printer, to Miſs Ann Hinton—Laurence Yates, Eſq. to Miſs Matilda Caroline Cruger, eldeſt daughter of Henry Cruger, Eſq.

DEATHS.

Thurſday laſt week died, Mr. SAMUEL DALBY, a reſpectable inhabitant of this city, aged 40.

On Tueſday the 17th inſt. SAMUEL SIMES, of this city, houſe-carpenter, a very ingenious and induſtrious mechanic, who during his reſidence among us, was equalled by few, and excelled by none, in induſtry, integrity and piety of life.

THE Members of St. ANDREW's SOCIETY, are requeſted to attend their Quarterly Meeting at the Golden Swan, in Third-ſtreet, on Saturday, the 28th inſt. at 7 o'clock, P. M. RICHARD LAKE, Sec'ry.

Durate, & vosmet rebus servate secundis. Virg.

Hold out, and preserve yourselves for prosperity.

WHEN I look into the frame and constitution of my own mind, there is no part of it which I observe with greater satisfaction, than that tenderness and concern which it bears for the good and happiness of mankind. My own circumstances are indeed so narrow and scanty, that I should taste but very little pleasure, could I receive it only from those enjoyments which are in my own possession; but by this great tincture of humanity, which I find in all my thoughts and reflections, I am happier than any single person can be, with all the wealth, strength, beauty and success, that can be conferred upon a mortal, if he only relishes such a proportion of these blessings as is vested in himself, and in his own private property. By this means, every man that does himself any real service, does me a kindness. I come in for my share in all the good that happens to a man of merit and virtue, and partake of many gifts of fortune and power that I was never born to. There is nothing in particular in which I so much rejoice as the deliverance of good and generous spirits out of dangers, difficulties and distresses. And because the world does not supply instances of this kind to furnish out sufficient entertainments for such an humanity and benevolence of temper, I have ever delighted in reading the history of ages past, which draws together into a narrow compass the great occurrences and events that are but thinly sown in those tracts of time, which lie within our own knowledge and observation. When I see the life of a great man, who deserved well of his country, after having struggled through all the oppositions of prejudice and envy, breaking out with lustre, and shining forth in all the splendor of success, I close my book, and am an happy man for a whole evening.

But since in history, events are of a mixed nature, and often happen alike to the worthless and the deserving, insomuch that we frequently see a virtuous man dying in the midst of disappointments and calamities, and the vicious ending their days in prosperity and peace; I love to amuse myself with the accounts I meet with in fabulous histories and fictions: For in this kind of writings we have always the pleasure of seeing vice punished, and virtue rewarded: Indeed, were we able to view a man in the whole circle of his existence, we should have the satisfaction of seeing it close with happiness or misery, according to his proper merit: But though our view of him is interrupted by death before the finishing of his adventures, (if I may so speak) we may be sure that the conclusion and catastrophe is altogether suitable to his behaviour. On the contrary, the whole being of a man, considered as an hero, or a knight errant, is comprehended within the limits of a poem or romance, and therefore always ends to our satisfaction; so that inventions of this kind are like food and exercise to a good-natur'd disposition, which they please and gratify at the same time that they nourish and strengthen. The greater the affliction is in which we see our favourites in these relations engaged, the greater is the pleasure we take in seeing them relieved.

Among the many feign'd histories which I have met with in my reading, there is none in which the hero's perplexity is greater, and the winding out of it more difficult, than that in a *French* author, whose name I have forgot. It so happens, that the hero's mistress was the sister of his most intimate friend, who for certain reasons was given out to be dead, while he was preparing to leave his country in quest of adventures. The hero having heard of his friend's death, immediately repaired to his mistress, to condole with her, and comfort her. Upon his arrival in her garden, he discovered at a distance a man clasped in her arms, and embraced with the most endearing tenderness. What should he do? It did not consist with the gentleness of a knight-errant either to kill his mistress, or the man whom she was pleased to favor. At the same time, it would have spoiled a romance, should he have laid violent hands on himself. In short, he immediately entered upon his adventures; and after a long series of exploits, found out by degrees, that the person he saw in his mistress's arms was her own brother, taking leave of her before he left his country, and the embrace she gave him nothing else but the affectionate farewell of a sister: So that he had at once the two greatest satisfactions that could enter into the heart of man, in finding his friend alive, whom he thought dead; and his mistress faithful, whom he had believed inconstant.

There are indeed some disasters so very fatal, that it is impossible for any accidents to rectify them. Of this kind was that of poor *Lucretia*; and yet we see *Ovid* has found an expedient even in this case. He describes a beautiful and royal virgin walking on the sea shore, where she was discovered by *Neptune*, and violated after a long and unsuccessful importunity. To mitigate her sorrow, he offers her whatever she could wish for. Never certainly was the wit of woman more puzzled in finding out a stratagem to retrieve her honor. Had she desired to be changed into a stock or a stone, a beast, fish or fowl, she would have been a loser by it: or had she desired to have been made a sea-nymph, or a goddess, her immortality would but have perpetuated her disgrace. Give me, therefore, said she, such a shape as may make me incapable of suffering again the like calamity, or of being reproached for what I have already suffered. In short, she was turned into a man, and by that only means avoided the danger and imputation she so much dreaded.

I was once myself in agonies of grief that are unutterable, and in so great a distraction of mind, that I thought myself even out of the possibility of receiving comfort. The occasion was as follows: When I was a youth in a part of the army which was then quartered at *Dover*, I fell in love with an agreeable young woman, of a good family in those parts, and had the satisfaction of seeing my addresses kindly received, which occasioned the perplexity I am going to relate.

We were in a calm evening diverting ourselves upon the top of the cliff with the prospect of the sea, and trifling away the time in such little fondnesses as are most ridiculous to people in business, and most agreeable to those in love.

In the midd of these our innocent endearments, she snatched a paper of verses out of my hand, and ran away with them. I was following her, when on a sudden the ground, though at a considerable distance from the verge of the precipice, sunk under her, and threw her down from so prodigious an height upon such a range of rocks, as would have dashed her into ten thousand pieces, had her body been made of adamant. It is much easier for my reader to imagine my state of mind upon such an occasion, than for me to express it. I said to myself, It is not in the power of Heaven to relieve me! When I awaked, equally transported and astonished to see myself drawn out of an affliction which the very moment before appeared to me altogether inextricable.

The impressions of grief and horror were so lively on this occasion, that while they lasted, they made me more miserable than I was at the real death of this beloved person, (which happened a few months after, at a time when the match between us was concluded) inasmuch as the imaginary death was untimely, and I myself in a sort an accessary; whereas her real decease had at least these alleviations, of being natural and inevitable.

The memory of the dream I have related, still dwells so strongly upon me, that I can never read the description of *Dover-Cliff* in *Shakespeare's* tragedy of King *Lear*, without a fresh sense of my escape. The prospect from that place is drawn with such proper incidents, that whoever can read it without growing giddy, must have a good head, or a very bad one.

Come on, Sir, here's the place; stand still! How fearful
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eye so low!
The crows and choughs that wing the midway air,
Show scarce as gross as beetles. Half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire—Dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.
The fishermen that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice, and yond' tall anchoring bark
Diminish'd to her boat; her boat! a buoy
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge
(That on th' unnumber'd idle pebble beats)
Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more
Lest my brain turn.

[Sir Richard Steele.]

EXTRACT from Baron DE TOTT's Memoirs of the TARTARS.

"A distaff," said Krim-Geray to his second son, "would better become a coward like you, than a bow." "A coward! (replied the boy of 9 years of age growing pale as he spoke,) I am afraid of no one, not even of you:" and let fly an arrow, which happily lodged in a wainscot-panel, where it stuck two fingers deep.

ANECDOTE.

Kiuperli Nuuman, who was made Vizir in 1710, had conceived a foolish idea, that there was always a *fly* upon his nose. He would attempt to drive it away with his hand every now and then, but it always remained; and though the most celebrated physicians were consulted, they were not able to cure him of his phrenzy. A Frenchman, however, named Le Duc, was more successful. This physician did not endeavor, like the rest, to convince his patient by learned arguments that what he saw was only an illusion, but, on the very first visit, he seemed astonished at the size of the importunate fly which incommoded the Vizir's nose, and by these means he gained his confidence. He at first ordered him some harmless physic, under pretence of purging; and at length, one fine day, he prepared to cut off the fly. Taking out a small knife, he drew it gently over the Vizir's nose, and after this operation shewed him a large dead fly, which he had kept concealed in his hand. Kiuperli immediately cried out, that this was the fly which had so long tormented him, and by this address he was cured of his folly.

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